

1699



## Caledonia Triumphans :

A

# P A N E G Y R I C K

To the KING.

Trice mighty PRINCE, Illustrious by thy Birth,  
*Bellona's* Glory : Splendor of the Earth.  
Wonder of Brav'ry, and of charming Parts,  
Great Conquerour of Kingdoms and of Hearts,  
All the fam'd Hero's in our Age that be,  
Quite lose their Lustre, when compar'd with Thee.  
Blessed Peace-maker in our Bloody Wars,  
Wise Reconciler of Intestine Jarrs.  
The Martial *THISTLE* budds, and no more withers,  
The fragrant *ROSE* it's Scent again recovers.  
The *HARP* is tun'd : And valiant SIR, to Thee,  
The Conquering *LILLIES* bowe and humbled be.  
The Ballance of all *Europe* SIR, is Your's,  
Sole Help and Shelter of oppressed Powers.  
No Mortal in his Veins bears nobler Blood,  
Sprung from a Race, both Ancient, Great and Good,  
Defenders of our Faith, to Pop'ry Foes,  
*This Holland, Flanders,* and all *Europe* knows.  
O! happy *ORANGE-TREE*, both Branch and Root,  
That hath blest *Britain* with such cordial Fruit,  
Yea, those that in the Northern World do dwell,  
Are much refreshed by the very Smell.  
Which perfumes all our European Costs,  
Through *Boreas* Blasts and *Hyperborean* Frost.  
To your own *Thule*, and the *Orkney* Isles,  
And round cold *Russia* many thousand Miles.  
Which rare Accomplishments that shine in You,  
Makes *CALEDONIA* thus her Case renew.  
Now if Great SIR, you list to lend an Ear,  
From a far Country, joyful News we hear,  
*Zephyrus* gently blows, and Whistling, Sings,  
Here, my sweet Gales, delicious Tydings brings.  
*Fourth of November*, that auspicious Day,  
Your valiant SCOTS their Colours did display,  
Into the *Western World*, where they did meet,  
Thousands of Welcomes prostrat at their Feet.  
The Sovereign Director was their Guide,  
*Neptune* them favour'd ; Earth, Seas, Wind and Tyde.  
The Natives made their Joyes ring to the Skyes,  
And them ador'd as Demi-deitys.  
Kind harmless Heathens, whom through time we vow,  
To train good Subjects both to GOD and You.  
St. *ANDREW* our first Tutelar was he,  
The *UNICORN*, must next Supporter be,  
The *CALEDONIA* doth bring up the Rear,  
Fraught with brave hardy Ladds, and void of Fear;

All splendidly equipt, and to the Three,  
The *Endeavour* and *Dolphin* Hand-maids be.  
Who to these Praises, this Addition have,  
No Injuries they'll give, nor yet receive.  
Both Ships and Men commanded Sir, it's true,  
By Captains both of Sense and Honour too.  
Nor are these Youths the Scum of this our Land,  
But in effect, a brave and generous Band.  
Inspyr'd with thirst of Fame, and fond to have,  
Titles upon the Marbles of their Grave.  
And though that hundreds in that Train do come,  
Whose Vertues are eclips'd with want at Home.  
Yet were there Means but equal to their Mind,  
In all the World you should not braver find.  
But to allay Youths rash unwary Deeds,  
They have their Orders sent from elder Heads.  
Of a wise *Senat*, who Consult and Vote,  
What is the *Companys* Int'rest, and what not.  
At Landing, Fertile Fields and Golden Mountains,  
Saluted them, with clear and christal Fountains ;  
Roots, Flowers and Fruits, for Physick, and to eat,  
And neither pinching Colds, nor scorching Heat.  
Rivers, safe Bayes, variety of Plants,  
And useful Trees which our old *Britain* wants.  
Here grows the *Nicaragua*, *ManchioneLL*,  
*Vannileos* also, that perfumes so well.  
Our sable night is gone, the day is won,  
The SCOTS are follow'd with the *RISING-SUN*.  
The Ev'ning crowns the Day, and what remains ?  
Old *ALBANY* its antient Fame regains.  
*FERGUS* 1st. Your brave Ancestor gave the *Scots* of old  
A Lyon rampant in a field of Gold.  
When he our Coat-Armorial did dispense,  
Which now is ours, in a true literal Sense.  
And can our Breasts such swelling joys contain,  
*WILLIAM* the Lyon rules the SCOTS again :  
A Nation who with hearts, with hands and head  
Will serve you, Sovereign Sir, in time of need.  
*Warlike Gustavus*, and Great *Charl le maigne*,  
Did ne're employ our Martial Swords in vain.  
The *Brittons*, *Romans*, *Saxons* and the *Danes*,  
Did all invade Us, but with fruitless Pains.  
The treach'rous *Picts* did oft attempt the same ;  
But for Reward, lost Countrey, Life and Name.  
The noble Race of *Douglas* did excell  
In Military Glory, all can tell.

At Home, and Forraign Shoars, yea, ever still,  
Of all the Sirname, very few prove ill.  
The antient *Grahams* are brave, and all confess,  
True to their Sov'reigns, chiefly in distress.  
The *Danes* who made our neighb'ring Nation Slaves,  
Found here the *Hays* who beat them to their Graves.  
*Kind Mantua* hath never yet forgot  
*Rare Creighton*, call'd the *Admirable Scot*,  
Whose Life shews him a Miracle of Men :  
As it is drawn by an *Italian* Pen.  
*Wallace* and *Bruce*, I shall not now rehearse,  
Least I offend you, Sir, with tedious Verse.  
And hundreds more of undenyed Fame,  
For Arts and Arms, whom I forbear to name.  
And as our Valour flew all *Europe* round,  
So now our Trade scarce both the Poles shall bound.  
If You but own us, Mighty Sir, and then  
No Devils we fear, nor yet malicious Men.  
What humane Counter-plot can marr the thing,  
That is protected by *Great-Britains* King.  
Our Claim is just : and so we value not  
The Brags of *Spain*, nor Thundrings of the Pope,  
Who may well threaten; Yet *Don* dare not fight,  
When he minds *DARIEN*, and old *Eighty eight*.  
Their Cruelties were Catholick indeed,  
Not Christian, to poor *Indians* and their Seed.  
But those they call Hereticks of our Nation,  
We hope will shew a meeker Reformation.  
Nor shall insulting Neighbours henceforth taunt  
The gen'rous SCOTS, for Poverty and Want.  
Our Ships through all the World shall go and come,  
Ev'n from the Rising to the Setting Sun.  
Then shall we from the genuine Spring command,  
What now we truckle at a lecond hand.  
And we shall flourish by your Royal Rays,  
With Honour, Riches, and old *Nestors* days :  
And ever bless our GOD, and praise our KING,  
And *CALEDONIA*'s Triumphs gladly sing.

No mercenary thoughts, or base design  
Of servile Flattery, made these Verses mine.

By a Lover of *Caledonia*,  
and the Mules.